Where rude misgouernd hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.
Yorke. Then (as I sayd) the Duke great Bullingbrooke,
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemde to know,
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cride, God saue the *Bullingbrooke*,
You would haue thought the very Windowes spake:
So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that all the Walles,
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue the welcome Bullingbrooke,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke
Bespake them thus, I thanke you Countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.
Dut. Alacke poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?
Yorke. As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a well graced Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scowle on gentle *Richard*, no man cried, God saue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But Dust was throwne vpon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience;
That had not God for some strong purpose steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pitied him:
But Heauen hath a hand in these euentes,
To whose high will we bound our calme contentes,
To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiect now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
Dut. Heere comes my sonne Aumerle. *(Enter Aum.*

Yorke. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his trueth
And lasting fealtie to the new made King.
Dut. Welcome my sonne, who art the Violets now,
That strew the greene lappe of the new-come spring.
Aum. Madam I know not nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as liefe be none as one.
Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford? do these iusts & triumphs hold?
Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.
Yorke. You will be there I know.
Aum. If God preuent not I purpose so.
York. What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
Yorke. No matter then who see it;
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.
York. Which for some reasons (sir) I meane to see.
I feare, I feare.
Dut. What should you feare?
'Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the triumph.
Yorke. Bound to himselfe, what doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to: Wife, thou art a foole;
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Yorke. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say:
He plucks it out of his bosome, and reades it.
Treason, foule treason! villaine! traytor, slaue.
Dut. What is the matter, my Lord?
Yorke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my Horse: